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# Commando Courier

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## Editorial

### YOU CAN'T WIN!

Most average Australians are gamblers in either a small or large way, and if you're a gambler you believe in fairies, in hunches, and in dreams.

Besides that, you're what is commonly known as a mug, because you just can't win if you keep on gambling.

I don't know as much about gambling as the next man, I know more.

Gambling is my business, and I'd give up my business only I can't because it's my living.

My business? Why, bookmaker of course.

It doesn't matter whether you bet on the dice, or the horses, or the lotteries, or devil's pool, or the thimble and pea, or housie-housie, trots, dogs, cricket, football, yatching, cycling, hazards, billiards, poker, two up—anything.

If you keep on gambling long enough, you'll go broke.

However **don't** take any notice of this whatsoever, just keep right on gambling, or I'll go broke, or at least I'll be out of business.

But remember, chaps, it is this urge to have a minor flutter which our Association capitalises once a year to help build funds to carry on the Association's work. So the buying of a few sweep tickets is a thing to be definitely encouraged.

And now let me take this opportunity of thanking all those who contributed towards the outstanding success of our current sweep.

As this annual sweep is practically the financial lifeblood of our Association it behoves each and everyone of us to make sure that its success is absolutely certain.

Each year the financial result is steadily improving, and, as our legatees grow older so the strain on our financial resources will become greater, so we **must** make sure that the improvement is maintained.

The best way, indeed the only way, of thanking those few who carry out the arduous job of running the sweep (and believe me there is a terrific amount of work involved) is to see that we all keep up the good work.

Once again—Thanks.

—MICK CALCUTT.



## West Australian Whisperings

### Association Activities

The November meeting went off with a swing, and the roll up was definitely in advance of previous meetings. Major Dave Burnett gave us quite an interesting discourse on events in Malaya at the moment. Apparently the battle which goes on permanently with the bandits in that area, is much more grim than is generally realised and the work done by the army hamstrung as it is by local officialdom is something to be really commended. Major Burnett was able to bring us news of Brigadier Mike Calvert who is in charge of operations in that area. The "Mad Mike" is in great nick and has all the urge and drive of Foster days. Apparently the training given the Chinese guerrillas by Colonel Spencer Chapman was just a bit too good and really takes a ton of combating. Major Burnett says "Freddies" name is still a legend in the jungles of Malaya. Our thanks are due to Major Burnett for his most interesting talk, and to Mick Calcutt for introducing Dave to the Association. The evening being our annual Bucks' Night at which guests could be present, then took the form of sports and social evening and every body seemed to enjoy themselves.

The December meeting will take place as usual at Monash Club on Dec. 4, and a good night is teed up for your enjoyment, so don't be afraid to turn up and enjoy it.

Our Xmas Party will take place on Thursday, Dec. 20, at the Crawley Bay Tearooms and will be much the same as the Ladies' Night. Transport arrangements are the same as for the Ladies' Night. A United Bus, 201 route, leaving the city at 7.30 p.m., 7.50 p.m., 8.30 p.m., or a trolley bus and get off at Crawley turn off. This promises to be a crack-a-jack party and all that is required is a bumper attendance to make it a record evening.

Owing to the proximity to the Xmas and New Year holidays there will be **NO** meeting in January. So you regulars remember to forget to come along in January.

The Annual Re-Union is looming up again, so please keep the date in mind, Saturday, February 23, 1952, with the Commemoration Day, Sunday, February 24.

### Personalities

Joe Brand writes from Ogilvie to say Harvest is in full swing and that results appear to be fair. He has not seen any of the Northampton lads for quite a while. Joe hopes to be in the Big Smoke for Country Week Cricket in February.

Heard from Don Murray this month. Don is farming at York and is in the pink. He sends his regards to the team.

Merv Ryan writes briefly to send in his sweep butts, and says he is O.K. He also wishes to be remembered to all his mates.

Nungarinite, Mal Herbert, says he is going along well, and has hopes of the season up his way.

Syd McKinley has returned from Darwin, is now living in Cottesloe and working at the Shell Coy., at North Fremantle. Syd hopes to see a few of the lads at meetings shortly.

From up at Geraldton Jack Denman sends his regards to the gang. By the way, Jack got himself a couple of horses in our Melbourne Cup sweep. Good luck to you, Jack.

"Pidgin" Pierce who is with the Main Roads Board at Mt. Barker, says he is 100 per cent fit and thinks the "Courier" is the ants pants. He had an addition to the family in August, a boy, making two boys in all. Our congrats. "Pidgin".

Eric Weller is in the process of touring around the Midlands, in a caravan, and was lately at Moora. It is a working tour, Eric having just completed a Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme course as a carpenter.

Don Hudson sends word from Collie to all the gang. He is still working in a coal mine, keeping the wheels of industry turning. Sorry couldn't get you the winner, "Soapy".

Among those busy renovating houses is "Ping" Henderson who says it takes up all his spare time getting his place into order. He says he hopes to be able to make a meeting or so in the future.

Regards to the mob from Ron Sprigg at Albany. Ron states that he saw Ted Potts recently on his way to Perth, but apart from Ted has not seen any of the gang for an age.

Charlie King sent in his sweep butts and extended good wishes to the lads. Says he is making out quite well these days.

Kev Millington has moved his residence from Noggerup to Donnybrook, having given up his farm and gone into the firewood business. Kev is the proud father of three girls.

A scrawl from Bob Palmer to say all was well with him at Cowaramup and giving the names of his creadoes in Timor, for which we thank him. Bob is the proud father of another daughter, making two of each sex. Congrats, Bob, from the boys. Bob's writing does not improve over the years, and it taxes the eyes to make head or tail of his comments. Buy a typewriter, Robert, and give me a break.

Roy Watson writes from Collie, which he calls his annual. He also sends his appreciation of the "Courier", says it is good to hear of all the old gang from its columns. Roy is trying to get his garden into order, but says it is a losing battle as the "Billy Lids" pull up the plants as fast as he can put them in.

From Quairading Dick Darrington brings news of himself and Dick Burton. "Darry" is in good health and enjoying his job as baker there. Dick Burton is driving a truck for the local road board and the two Dicks get together for an odd beer now and again.

News to hand of Peter Alexander who has been in Hollywood Repatriation Hospital for a short sojourn. He is now O.K. and I believe home again.

Glad to hear once again of Ted Loud. Ted mentions that both he and Alex Thomson are in the pink. They are both owners of about 1928 vintage runabouts and most of their spare time is taken up keeping them on the road. Ted's young brother is in the Korean Force and says it's "hotter than mustard", he lost three of his mates in the Imjun River show and generally reckons war is not all it's cracked up to be. We know that one, Ted. Ted's brother says he met Sgt. Ray Parry there and he is quite well.

"Bruss" Fagg writes briefly from Northampton to send in his sweep butts and sends his regards to the lads.

Ernie Hoffman sends the briefest of notes from Porphyry with the butts for the sweep. Thanks for the donation "Hoffy" every bit helps to keep the show rolling.

To wish us luck with the sweep Don May writes from South Perth and also sends regards to everyone.

Les Halse who is still in the carrying business at Kalamunda, writes to say that he will see us at a meeting one of these days, when he gives work away.

The Marshall writes in witty vein from Harvey. He says he bought five sweep tickets himself, sold five to the wife, kidded the three year old daughter into buying five, and then having five left, picked up the poker and moved in on his infant, and had hardly warmed up his swinging arm when he had a dollar from his six months old son. Easiest selling year he ever had, he reckons. Every other year he has



had to buy the lot himself. 'Marsh' is playing cricket again, and managing to do quite well. He expects to start wheat carting very soon.

Gordon Rowley was among those who wrote briefly to send in sweep tickets and wish us well.

Jim Smailes is in the throes of examinations with Kalgoorlie School of Mines and has big hopes of getting his Survey Certificate in November and the Mining Diploma next year with only three subjects to study part time. He has a good job lined up to start in December. We congratulate you, Jim, on your amazing efforts in the mining world and wish you all success for the future.

Another Kalgoorlie correspondent is Ron Kirkwood. He ran into Ernie Hoffman and Jim Smailes recently and reports them in good nick. Ron says that he now has a very nice home on the 'Fields and has settled down nicely. He wishes to be fondly remembered to all the gang.

Clarrie Turner still the big stud-master type at "Killora" Stud Elgin. The progeny of "Englands Glory" are doing amazingly well and the prospects for future sales are rosy. Clarrie is still actively playing men's hockey and at the time of writing was hopeful that his team would take the Bunbury Hockey Championship.

Tom Crouch is battling along with the cow farm at Manjimup, and says the season is finishing a bit better than it started. Tom is thinking of breeding a few 'beeves' next year and doing away with pigs as he says the bottom is out of the pig game what with the price of feed, etc. He is not at all satisfied with the price of butterfat and has hopes of a rise to keep the industry buoyant. Thanks for the compliments to the "Courier", Tom, we do our poor best to keep the news up to you.

A very long screed from Bernie Langridge in which he wishes everyone all the best. Bernie has given away the spud game and is concentrating on the dairy and or-

chard. He is another of our lads who has been swept into the civic life of his particular community, and is on the committee of practically all the active organisations in Donnybrook. Bernie extends a welcome to any of the gang who may be passing his way. He is situated just before the 138 mile peg on the way to Bridgetown.

Charlie Sadler sent in his sweep butts and says he hopes to meet the gang at the annual re-union in February.

Another to congratulate us on the "Courier" was Jack Hasson, who is now at Ballidu. Thanks, Jack, it is nice to know that our efforts are appreciated.

"Blue" Wilkes is still down Brunswick way and seems happy in the service. I will be attending to the matter you asked about, "Blue", and will let you know in due course.

Les Glasson has been a most busy man at Kalgoorlie recently, as he is in the "Wooden Overcoat" business and what with Dove aircraft crashes, etc., has been flat out. Les has hopes of being in the city after Xmas and meeting some of the lads and drinking a little of "Arty Fadden's Luxury Tonic" as he calls it.

The old "Nip" Cunningham wrote trying to put me onto Durham in the Caulfield Cup, just as well I am a bloke of iron will power and able to resist the temptation to accept these tips or I'd be permanently broke. "Nip" reports seeing "Dusty" Study in Geraldton with a footy team, acting as cheer leader. What a pair of lungs for the job has the "Dusty"?

A chap who has all the ear-marks of developing into my best correspondent is Reg Harrington, hardly a month goes by without a word from the worthy Reg. Reg says he thoroughly enjoyed the barbecue we held at Crawley and just can't understand why more chaps don't take advantage of the chance to attend.

Peter Campbell says he would have liked to have sold a few more

tickets but can't educate the niggers into buying sweep tickets up his way at Southern Hills. Thanks for the compliments on the "Courier", Peter.

Steve Rogers wrote from Brunswick and invited the Burrige to call in next time he goes through Brunswick, and buy a few beers for old time sake. Steve is still going along well in the bakery and is swiftly assimilating the many foreign tongues spoken in his area. His broken English is particularly fluent.

### Heard This?

The commercial traveller woke up in heaven. While talking things over with St. Peter, his eye alighted upon a beautiful blonde coming his way.

"What a peach," he remarked to St. Peter. "I wouldn't mind taking her out."

"Why don't you go ahead?" replied St. Peter. "Everything in heaven is free."

So the C.T. grabbed the blonde as she passed and gave her a big hug and a kiss.

Smiling with satisfaction, he resumed his conversation with St. Peter, when, this time, a gorgeous brunette came along who had the blonde beaten to a frazzle. Remembering what St. Peter had said he tagged along and his advances were well received by the brunette.

Returning again to St. Peter, he thought about having a wash, and was directed to a basin at the corner of a cloud. Having had a good splash, he yelled to St. Peter for a towel.

"Grab some moss off the edge of that cloud," came back the answer and the C.T. reached out and tugged at the moss. It refused to budge, so he tugged harder, and then woke up in bed with a terrific wallop on the jaw.

"I don't mind you kissing and cuddling me twice in bed within a few minutes. I don't mind you washing your face with the water from the glass you put beside the bed, but I do object when you try to use my hair to dry yourself," angrily said his wife.

Margaret: Susie was my rival at the beach last year.

Janis: Which of you outstripped the other?

### Reminders

That December meeting is beckoning to you on the 4th. Be in the swim, boys.

Don't forget the Xmas Party on Thursday, 20th, at Crawley Tea Rooms. This will be a party and a half.

Any of you chaps who have unsold sweep tickets, please return same as we require them for audit purposes.

As usual we will be only too pleased to receive outstanding subscriptions and achieve a hundred per cent result for once.



## Random Harvest

First on the list is Alby Martin who writes from Melbourne where he is with Makower McBeath and Co. Alby was good enough to sell some sweep tickets for the W.A. sweep and in sending his books back, sent his regards to everybody in WX land. He says he is not without hope of writing a letter one of these fine days.

A very brief note from Alec Boast who is also in Victoria, to wish everybody well.

Dick Gerre is still with the Australia and New Zealand Bank, at Victor Harbor in South Australia. He says that he has hopes of returning to West Australia in the near future as he has applied for a transfer on compassionate grounds and is most hopeful that the bank will accede to his request. We in West Aust. will be most pleased to welcome you back to your old home State, Dick. Dick sends his regards to the team.

Ron Neuzerling who now resides in S.A. wrote to say how much he appreciates the "Courier" as it enables him to keep in touch with all the old gang. He recently met

Clarrie Palmer and Clarrie Chopping in Adelaide, but did not have enough time to get any news from them. Ron is a conductor on the trams in the S.A. capital.

Dudley Tapper wrote briefly to return his sweep butts and promised to write at length at a later date. I understand he is now the proud owner of a 1949 Prefect.

Last on the list is Gordon Barnes. Gordon is still a truck driver for an express delivery firm in Adelaide. He has taken delivery of a new Renault and is quite satisfied with its performance. "Barney" says he met Mark Jordon recently and that Mark had just moved into a new home. If you will send me Mark's address, Barney, I will be only too pleased to get him fixed up for the Act of Grace Payment. Another whom Barney has met recently was Allan Hollow who he reports to be looking very well and having a little luck at the races. Thanks, Gordon for your appreciation of the "Courier", it is these small compliments which make the life of an editor a little easier.

## Victorian Vocal Venturings

Have experienced another very quiet month on the news front in this State, no letters practically no callers, and afraid my occupation precludes me from seeing many of the chaps.

It is a heartbreaking performance monthly to try and fill our quota of the "Courier" with practically no material. Come on, chaps, do a small bit by your Association, your journal, and your long-suffering Editor by penning a brief note occasionally to give your doings and so make the task a little lighter. If everybody wrote only once every three months there would be oceans of

news to fill our corner of the 'Courier'. Make it a New Year's resolution to write to your editor at least four times a year and then you will be fulfilling your part as a useful member of the Association.

We have hopes of running a Xmas Party later in December, but at the moment of writing the hiring of a suitable hall is proving to be a bit difficult. Our usual place is not available this side of the Festive Season, but we live in hope of obtaining a meeting place. You will be advised further on this function at a later date when details will be more concrete.

## Personalities

Saw Jack Servante recently and he is in great nick. Jack is one of the heads of a large organisation in the city and manages a trip interstate quite frequently. He reports seeing Peter Hearle in Brisbane recently. Peter is 100 per cent fit and sends his regards to all the gang.

Bumped into "Darby" Munro also in the last month and he too is going along very well. The "Darb" is another of the business executive types who manages to get around quite a bit. His firm is on the up and up in a big way, so much so that they are sending a man to England to do their buying for them. Any chance of putting in a good word for me, "Darby"?

Noticed "Happy" Greenhalgh in the street the other day looking a lot thinner and a bit jaded and in need of a good rest from toil. He is the same old "Happy" of army days and said he was looking forward to a few beers with Harry Botterill and some of the Sigs.

Bert Tobin has become the happy father of a baby girl, and is he proud! Our congrats. "Toby". He also had a slice of luck recently, went along to an auction sale of a house across the street from where he is living, just to have a sticky-beak and finished up buying it with only one bid and will be moving in in about six weeks. Practically the equal of winning Tatts., says me!

Bob George (Jacobs to you) is in the throes of having a house built for himself in a prominent position on the Yarra. Bob has lost quite a bit of weight recently, but looks in excellent fettle. He too is prospering muchly in the business world.

Our Patron, Major Stuart Love, is looking very well and tells me that he is looking forward to some one writing a complete history of the Timor Campaign as he thinks it would be an epic.

The lads from the 2/1st Coy. were tickled pink with their first issue of the "Courier" and hope it will be a forerunner of many happy years of reading about the show in general. These are a great bunch of lads and will be a distinct adjunct to our Association

Apropos of other Commando Associations the parent body "The Commando Association of Victoria" is doing a really fine job of work in this State in uniting all the Commando shows under one roof. Just an instance of the good work they are doing for all and sundry, was a working bee organised recently for one of their blinded members out at Highett. The turn up was remarkable and they did a marvelous job of transforming a wilderness into a beautiful garden, complete with shrubs and plants, it is possible to imagine in any garden. This was organised by Jack Binks who also planned the whole thing. Nice work and our congratulations to everybody concerned.

Well, boys, that wraps it up and ties it with ribbon for this month. Please lads make my task a little easier next month and give me a bit of news to write about. Would also appreciate it in good and early as the dead-line for December is the 10th.—ARCH CAMPBELL.

## Heard This?

C-R-A-S-H — Bang — Tinkle! Finally both cars came to a stop. A man with a badge and an air of authority approached.

"How did you happen to crash into that other car?" asked the traffic man as he surveyed the wrecks.

"Exasperator!" exclaimed the traffic mogul.

"You mean the accelerator, don't you?"

"No, I don't," said the driver. "Then what part of the car is the exasperator?"

"Well," said the driver with a sickly smile, "she usually drives from the back seat."



## New South Wales News

This Branch of the Association continues to confound the mathematicians. We selected 45 members whom we thought would be possible starters in our cricket match, and Tom Martin sent them notices.

We expected 10 or 11. We got 15.

Allan Stewart had very expertly organised the match against the Army Department at Moorebank Camp. Those who failed to appear missed entertainment better than that provided in "Ladies Night in a Turkish Bath".

There were green fields, bright sunshine, shady trees—and 36 gallons of beer between about 30 drinkers.

The opposition players were a nice crowd, with a more orthodox approach to the game than ourselves. Some of our players were content to bat without pads, even without boots. The final scores were rather hazy as the beer went on with the opening batsmen, because the scorers were continually being replaced, and because 15 men batted on each side. We believe, however, that the other side just edged us out of the Moorebank Ashes.

From memories slightly fogged, we recall that Allan Stewart, Snowy Went, Doc Gallard, Merv Jones, and Tommy O'Brien, did most of the cricketing. They were equally competent off the field and around the barrels over which Fred dy Stewart presided.

With him were Alan Luby, Micky Mannix, Snowy Weir, Curly O'Neill, Jacky Keenahan and myself.

At lunch time Jacky Keenahan tried to, and very nearly did, hang the umpire; a character who looked and acted something like Griffin. He had been repeatedly warned against giving any of us out. His conscientiousness evaporated somewhat after we stood him on a forty four gallon drum with a rope around his neck in the approved manner, and thrown over a tree limb of stout proportions, and Keenahan kicked the drum from underneath him.

Crack of the day was made by Hughie, the umpire, when O'Neill went to the crease and asked for dead centre. "That's bloody Rookwood, sport. I'll give you block." Result: a duck.

At dusk everyone was boxing on around the barrel. Stumps had long been drawn and candles produced.

Irish seemed to have doubled his Strathpine capacity. Right up with him were Snowy Weir, Merv Jones and Jack Keenahan. Curly O'Neill was going quietly, having been assigned to the impossible task of seeing that they all got home safe, sensible and sober. As the beer poured out, fear finally crept in as thought crystallised into awareness of domestic responsibilities.

The uninhibited day ended. We helped the disabled to their transport, pointed their noses in the direction of spouses and houses, and went home. —JACK HARTLEY

### Heard This?

A patient who complained of digestive troubles was told by a specialist that he was drinking too much and would have to stop it.

"Well," said the patient, "what am I going to tell my wife?"

The doctor thought for a few minutes, then said: "Tell her you are suffering from syncopation. That will satisfy her, I'm sure."

The patient did as he was told. "What is syncopation?" asked the wife.

"I don't know," said the husband, "but that is what the doctor told me."

When the husband had gone out the wife looked up the word in the dictionary and found that it meant "Irregular movement from bar to bar".

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